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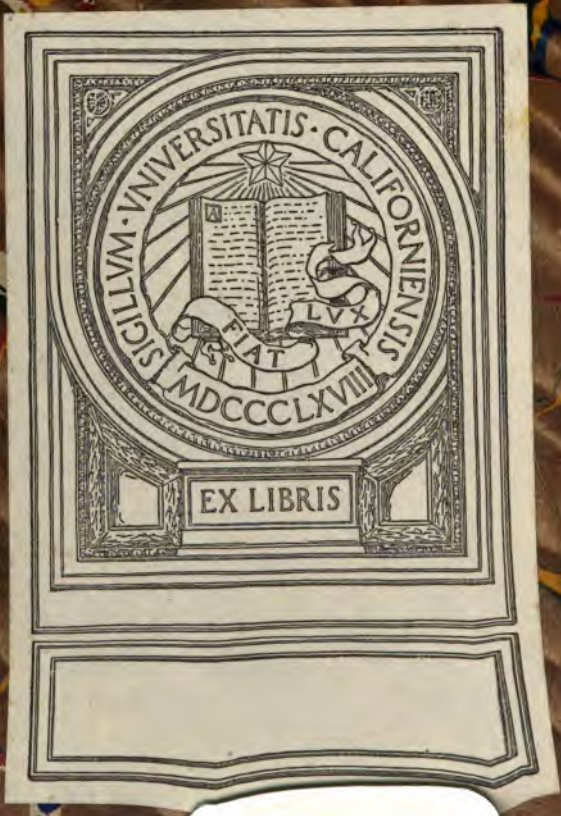
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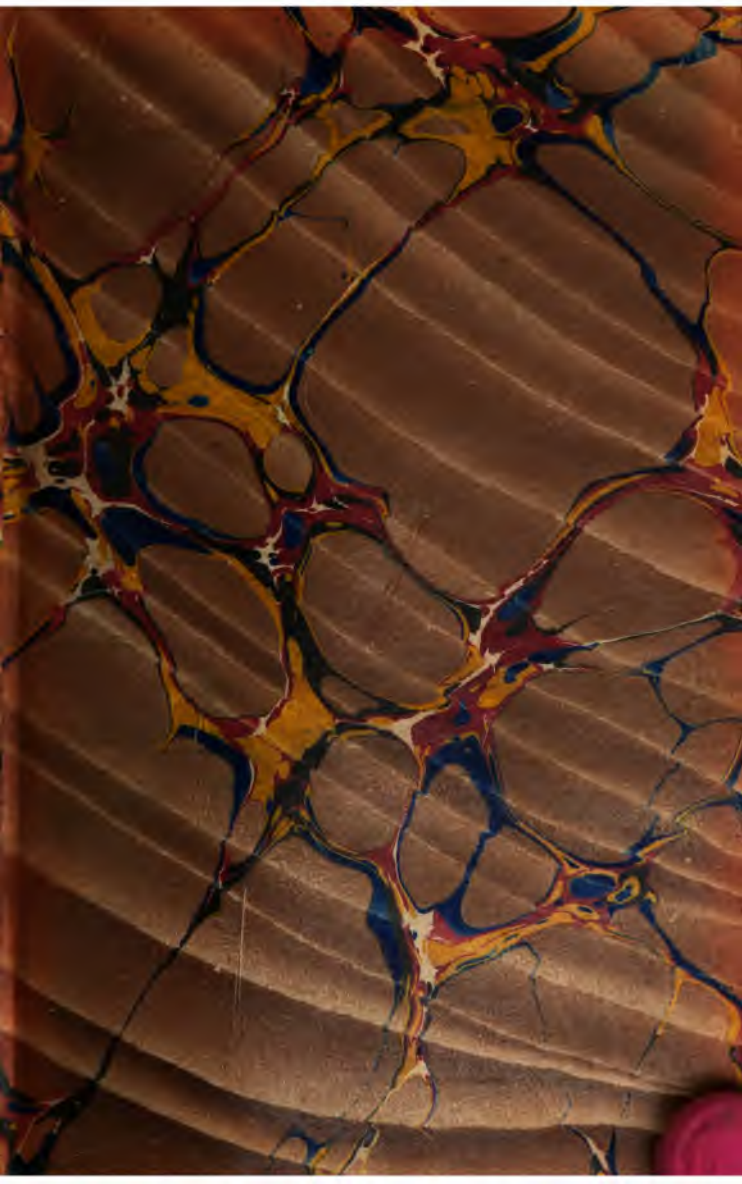

NATIONAL LYRICS,

AND

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

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TO

MRS. LAWRENCE

OF

WAVERTREE HALL;

HER FRIEND,

AND

THE SISTER OF HER FRIEND

COLONEL D'AGUILAR,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

MANY BRIGHTLY ASSOCIATED HOURS,

BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

M512616

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ADVERTISEMENT.

This Volume contains, besides a few poems on subjects of national tradition, all those of the Author's pieces which have, at different periods, been composed either in the form of the ballad, the song, or the *scena*, with a view to musical adaptation.—They are now first collected and arranged to lay before the Public.

The reader is particularly requested to correct the following

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——	23	——	10	*for*	ennemids	*read* ennemis.
——	64	——	11	*for*	fairy	*read* fiery.
——	79	note		*for*	Mrs.	*read* Mr.
——	95	line	3	*for*	their	*read* that.
——	121	——	6	*for*	wanderer	*read* wanderers.
——	225	——	11	*for*	strangers	*read* stranger.
——	231	——	3	*for*	bethrothed	*read* betrothed.
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NATIONAL LYRICS,

AND

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

THE THEMES OF SONG.

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith.

WORDSWORTH.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?
—Where'er, for freedom shed,
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream,
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,
Victor o'er fear and death.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
Too soon hath been struck down,
Or a bright virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling, that all around have striven
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a blessed Home hath been,
That now is Home no more:
A place of ivy, darkly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a wild flower wave,
A star its vigil keep.

Or where a yearning heart of old,
A dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than earthly mould
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found—
—We die, we pass away:
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream
To the deep sea hath gone:
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

RHINE SONG

OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

" I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. 'At the first gleam of the river,' he said, 'they all burst forth into the national chaunt, 'Am Rhein! Am Rhein!' They were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time;—for each band renewed it while crossing; and the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, '*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*'"—MANUSCRIPT LETTER.

RHINE SONG

OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

TO THE AIR OF—"AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN."

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine, I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine! Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial River!
Be glory on thy track, be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver;—
We bear thee Freedom back, we bear thee Freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! Hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Ev'n as my mother's song; ev'n as my mother's song;
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong! And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Poured out by sons of thine, poured out by sons of thine,
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine! Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home!—Home!—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home, thy path is by my home:
Even now my children count the hours 'till meeting,
O ransomed ones, I come! O ransomed ones, I come!

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never,
Sound on by hearth and shrine, sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills, that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine! Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

A SONG OF DELOS.

The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the Ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem, a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.

A SONG OF DELOS.

Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce Nature,
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau ;
L'air est si parfumé ! la lumiere est si pure !
Aux regards d' un Mourant le soleil est si beau !

LAMARTINE.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
On the blue seas by Delos: from that isle,
The Sun-God's own domain, a gentle girl,
Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
Lit with a life too perilously bright,
Was borne away to die. How beautiful
Seems this world to the dying!—but for *her*,

The child of beauty and of poesy,
And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may dream
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flashed forth,
Or glanced more quiveringly through starry tears,
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Coloured with loving light—she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour! From her pale brow,
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward—as the spirit swayed
The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves:—"Oh! linger yet," she cried,

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar,
Oh! pause upon the deep!
That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep,
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore;
—Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

" I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng!

" Oh! linger, linger on the oar
Beneath my native sky!
Let my life part from that bright shore
With Day's last crimson—gazing let me die!
Thou bark, glide slowly!—slowly should be borne
The voyager that never shall return.

" A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
Lord of the Lyre! to me;
With song and wreath from bower to bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free;
While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart,
Have lain and listened to my breaking heart.

" Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
I sink to early rest;
The ray that lit the incense-pyre,
Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.
—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye glow!

" Bright Isle! might but thine echoes keep
A tone of my farewell,
One tender accent, low and deep,
Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell!
Might my last breath send music to thy shore!
—Oh! linger, seamen, linger on the oar!"

ANCIENT GREEK CHAUNT OF VICTORY.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
Our virgins dance beneath the shade.
BYRON.

Io! they come, they come!
Garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home;
Bring roses, pour ye wine!

Swell, swell the Dorian flute
Thro' the blue, triumphant sky!
Let the Cittern's tone salute
The sons of Victory.

With the offering of bright blood
They have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood;—
Io! they come, they come!

Sing it where olives wave,
And by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave,—
Sing, sing, the land is free!

Mark ye the flashing oars,
And the spears that light the deep?
How the festal sunshine pours
Where the lords of battle sweep!

Each hath brought back his shield;—
Maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,
Io! thy son is come!

Who murmured of the dead?
Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head
Lies in its glory low.

Breathe not those names to-day!
They shall have their praise e'er long,
And a power all hearts to sway,
In ever-burning song.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,
To hail the conquerors home!
Bring wreaths for every shrine—
Io! they come, they come!

NAPLES.

A SONG OF THE SYREN.

Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close,
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen;
Where the clear Baian ocean
Welters with air-like motion
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.

SHELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
Bright City of the Waves!—her magic song
Still, with a dreamy sense of extacy,
Fills thy soft summer's air:—and while my glance
Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
Floats thus o'er Fancy's ear; and thus to thee,
Daughter of Sunshine! doth the Syren sing.

" Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
The golden day, and the glorious night,
And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light!
—Forget, forget, that thou art not free!
Queen of the summer sea.

" Favored and crowned of the earth and sky!
Thine are all voices of melody,
Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
Hark! now they melt o'er thy glittering sea;
—Forget that thou art not free!

" Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
Let the lute answer thy fountain falls!
And deck thy feasts with the myrtle bough,
And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
Queen of the day and the summer sea,
Forget that thou art not free!"

* * * * *

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
Dance to her chaunt. But sternly, mournfully,
O city of the deep! from Sybil grots
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
Murmuring—"*Thou art not free!*"

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitering a wood, near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his Regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice, and calling aloud " A moi, Auvergne ! ce sont les ennemids !" fell, pierced with mortal blows.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

ALONE thro' gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round,
The youth all cheerly pass'd;
Uncheck'd by aught of boding sound
That mutter'd in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?
—In his far home, perchance;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

—Hush! Hark!—did stealing steps go by?
Came not faint whispers near?
No! the wild wind hath many a sigh,
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his hand,
What grasp hath wrench'd the blade?
—Oh! single midst a hostile band,
Young soldier! thou'rt betray'd!

"Silence!" in under-tones they cry—
"No whisper—not a breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death."

. . .

—Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, midst his rushing blood,
"Arm, arm, Auvergne! the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow;
And sent his dying voice thro' all—
"*Auvergne, Auvergne! the foe!*"

THE

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

AT CAEN, IN NORMANDY.—1087.

"At the day appointed for the king's interment, Prince Henry, his third son, the Norman prelates, and a multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the Church of St. Stephen, which the Conqueror had founded. The mass had been performed, the corse was placed on the bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric on the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed,—'He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and, in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it.' The speaker was Asceline Fitz Arthur, who had often, but fruitlessly, sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate, the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone."

LINGARD, VOL. II. p. 98.

THE

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

AT CAEN, IN NORMANDY.—1067.

Lowly upon his bier
The royal Conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing streamed,
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleamed.

And by the torches' blaze.
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:—

"Forbear! forbear!" it cried,
"In the holiest name forbear!
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there!*

"By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine;
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine;

" By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot;
Hence! with his dark renown,
Cumber our birth-place not!

" Will my sire's unransomed field,
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave?

" The tree before him fell,
Which we cherished many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

" The land that I have tilled
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes filled,
And it shall not give him rest!

" Each pillar's massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away ! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries."

—Shame glowed on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far !
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star !

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven,
Oh ! who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven ?

ANCIENT SPANISH BATTLE SONG.*

THE Moor is on his way!
With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,†
And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,
He hath marshalled his dark array!

Shout through the vine-clad land!
That her sons on all their hills may hear,
And sharpen the point of the red wolf spear,
And the sword for the brave man's hand!

* Reprinted from the "Siege of Valentia."

† Tecbir, the Moorish war-cry.

Banners are in the field!
The chief must rise from his joyous board,
And turn from the feast e'er the wine be poured,
And take up his father's shield.

The Moor is on his way!
Let the peasant leave his olive-ground,
And the goats roam wild through the pine-woods round—
—There is nobler work to-day!

Send forth the trumpet's call!
Till the bridegroom cast the goblet down,
And the marriage-robe and the flowery crown,
And arm in the banquet-hall!

And stay the funeral-train!
Bid the chanted mass be hushed a while,
And the bier laid down in the holy aisle,
And the mourners girt for Spain!

Ere night must swords be red!
It is not an hour for knells and tears,
But for helmets braced, and serried spears!
To-morrow for the dead!

The Cid is in array!
His steed is barbed, his plume waves high,
His banner is up in the sunny sky,
Now, joy for the Cross to-day!

THE DEATH SONG OF ALCESTIS.

She came forth in her bridal robes arrayed,
And midst the graceful statues, round the hall
Shedding the calm of their celestial mein,
Stood pale, yet proudly beautiful, as they:
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like gleam
Of jewels trembling from her braided hair,
And *death* upon her brow!—but glorious death!
Her own heart's choice, the token and the seal
Of love, o'ermastering love; which, 'till that hour,
Almost an anguish in the brooding weight
Of its unutterable tenderness,
Had burdened her full soul. But now, oh! now,

Its time was come—and from the spirit's depths,
The passion and the mighty melody
Of its immortal voice, in triumph broke,
Like a strong rushing wind!

The soft pure air,
Came floating through that hall;—the Grecian air,
Laden with music—flute-notes from the vales,
Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds of life;
And the glad sunshine of the golden clime
Stream'd, as a royal mantle, round her form,
The glorified of love! But she—she look'd
Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to die,
Deep—deepest, holiest joy!—or if a thought
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented breeze,
And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the tide
Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a thought
That owned the summer-loveliness of life
For *him* a worthy offering!—So she stood,
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced awhile,

Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame
With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,
As the pale priestess trembles to the breath
Of inborn oracles!—then flush'd her cheek,
And all the triumph, all the agony,
Borne on the battling waves of love and death,
All from her woman's heart, in sudden song,
Burst like a fount of fire.

"I go, I go!
Thou Sun, thou golden Sun, I go,
Far from thy light to dwell;
Thou shalt not find my place below,
Dim is that world—bright Sun of Greece, farewell!"

The Laurel and the glorious Rose
Thy glad beam yet may see,
But where no purple summer glows,
O'er the dark wave *I* haste from them and thee.

Yet doth my spirit faint to part?
—I mourn thee not, O Sun!
Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart,
Sing me triumphal songs!—my crown is won!

Let not a voice of weeping rise!
My heart is girt with power!
Let the green earth and festal skies
Laugh as to grace a conqueror's closing hour!

For thee, for *thee*, my bosom's lord!
Thee, my soul's lov'd! I die;
Thine is the torch of life restor'd,
Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory!

Now may the boundless love, that lay
Unfathom'd still before,
In one consuming burst find way,
In one bright flood all, all its riches pour!

Thou know'st, thou know'st what love is *now!*
Its glory and its might—
Are they not written on my brow?
And will that image ever quit thy sight?

No! deathless in thy faithful breast,
There shall my memory keep
Its own bright altar-place of rest,
While o'er my grave the cypress-branches weep.

—Oh! the glad light!—the light is fair,
The soft breeze warm and free,
And rich notes fill the scented air,
And all are gifts—*my* love's last gifts to thee!

Take me to thy warm heart once more!
Night falls—my pulse beats low—
Seek not to quicken, to restore,
Joy is in every pang—I go, I go!

I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
I meet thy fond look still;
Keen is the strife of love and death;
Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.

Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,
Tho' mists o'ershade mine eye;
—Sing, Pæan! sing a conqueror's song!
For thee, for *thee*, my spirit's lord, I die!"

CHORUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI.

(In the scene where the dying Alcestis has bid farewell to her husband and children.)

(ATTENDANTS OF ALCESTIS.)

PEACE, mourners, peace!
Be hushed, be silent, in this hour of dread!
Our cries would but increase
The sufferer's pangs; let tears unheard be shed,
Cease, voice of weeping, cease!

Sustain, O friend!
Upon thy faithful breast,
The head that sinks, with mortal pain opprest!
And thou, assistance lend
To close the languid eye,
Still beautiful, in life's last agony.

Alas! how long a strife!
What anguish struggles in the parting breath,
Ere yet immortal life
Be won by death!
Death! Death! thy work complete!
Let thy sad hour be fleet,
Speed, in thy mercy, the releasing sigh!
No more keen pangs impart
To her, the high in heart,
The adored Alcestis, worthy ne'er to die.

(ATTENDANTS OF ADMETUS.)

'Tis not enough, oh! no!
To hide the scene of anguish from his eyes;
Still must our silent band
Around him watchful stand,
And on the mourner ceaseless care bestow,
That his ear catch not grief's funereal cries.

Yet, yet hope is not dead,
All is not lost below,
While yet the gods have pity on our woe.
Oft when all joy is fled,
Heaven lends support to those
Who on its care in pious hope repose.
Then to the blessed skies
Let our submissive prayers in chorus rise.

Pray! pray! pray!

What other task have mortals, born to tears,

Whom fate controls, with adamantine sway?

O ruler of the spheres!

Jove! Jove! enthroned immortally on high,

Our supplication hear!

Nor plunge in bitterest woes,

Him, who nor footstep moves, nor lifts his eye,

But as a child, which only knows

Its father to revere.

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

I.

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!*

NEAR thee, still near thee!—o'er thy path-way gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!

Not midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song;

* This piece has been set to music of most impressive beauty by John Lodge, Esq., for whose compositions several of the author's songs were written.

But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weepest,
Know then *that* love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
Or breezy anthems thro' the forest sweeping,
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;

When every thought and prayer
We lov'd to breathe and share,
On thy full heart returning,
Shall wake its voiceless yearning;
Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dreaming!
—Oh! love is not an earthly Rose to die!
Ev'n when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me thro' the sky.

The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely, wanting thee ;
But when thy chains are falling,
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then, thy guide is nigh !

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

II.

OH! DROOP THOU NOT!

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions, as of earth—
They perish where they drew their birth.
But love is indestructible!
Its holy flame for ever burneth:
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

SOUTHEY.

OH! droop thou not, my gentle earthly love!
Mine still to be!
I bore thro' death, to brighter lands above,
My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,
Our mingled prayer,
Our suffering love, thro' long devoted years,
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallow'd and the tried—
It was not vain!
Still, tho' unseen, still hovering at thy side,
I watch again!

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,
I am not gone;
In the deep calm of midnight's whispering hours,
Thou art not lone:

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weepest,
That stream, whose tone
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest,
We two have known:

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking
Of days long past,
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,
Silent and fast:

Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions turning
Thy dreamy glance,
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are burning,
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, lov'd one! and around thee,
Where'er thou art;
Tho' still mortality's thick cloud hath bound thee,
Doubt not thy heart!

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken—
Let faith be given
To the still tones which oft our being waken—
They are of heaven!

MIGNON'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character in one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's Fenella is partially imitated,) has been stolen away, in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.

MIGNON'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn ?

KNOW'ST thou the land where bloom the Citron bowers,
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
And thro' a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well?
—There, there, with thee,
O friend, O lov'd one! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling?—there the pillars rise,
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—"Poor child! what thus hath wrought thee woe?"
Know'st thou it well?
There, there with thee,
O my protector! homewards might I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain?—high its bridge is hung,
Where the mule seeks thro' mist and cloud his way;
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among,
O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent spray.
Know'st thou it well?
With thee, with thee,
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

THE SISTERS.*

A BALLAD.

"I go, sweet sister; yet, my heart would linger
with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance
chain;
Take then the braid of Eastern pearls which once I
loved to wear,
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of
thy hair!

* This ballad was composed for a kind of dramatic recitative, relieved by music. It was thus performed by two graceful and highly accomplished sisters.

Its pale pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone convent cell."

"Oh speak not thus, my Leonor! why part from kindred love?
Thro' festive scenes, when thou art gone—my steps no more shall move!
How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song;
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine."

"Oh wouldst thou strive a wounded bird from
shelter to detain?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed, to weary life again.
Sweet sister, take the golden cross that I have worn
so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe
and wrong.
It could not still *my* beating heart! but may it be a
sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when meekly
pressed to thine!"

"Take back, take back the cross of gold, our
mother's gift to thee,
It would but of this parting hour, a bitter token be;
With funeral splendour to mine eye, it would but
sadly shine,

And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer mine!
Oh sister! if thy heart be thus with buried grief oppress'd,
Where wouldst thou pour it forth so well, as on my faithful breast!"

"Urge me no more! a blight hath fallen upon my summer years!
I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless pangs and fears;
But take at least the lute I lov'd, and guard it for my sake,
And sometimes, from its silvery strings one tone of memory wake!
Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our own sweet vesper hymn,
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister dim."

" Yes, I *will* take the silvery lute—and I will sing to thee
A song we heard in childhood's days, ev'n from our father's knee.
Oh sister! sister! are these notes amid forgotten things?
Do they not linger as in love, on the familiar strings?
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain,
Kind sister! gentlest Leonor! say shall it plead in vain?"

SONG.

" Leave us not, leave us not!
Say not adieu!
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true?

" Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth!
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

" Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

" Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us, leave us not!
Thou art our own!"

" Oh sister, hush that thrilling lute, oh cease that haunting lay,
Too deeply pierce those wild sweet notes; yet, yet I cannot stay,

For weary—weary is my heart! I hear a whispered call
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom fall.
I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines to dwell
Where the world's voice can reach no more!—oh calm thee! Fare thee well!"

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan;
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your secret caves be stirr'd,
And say, dark waters! will ye give me *peace?*

Away! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts—and will the *wave* reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I lov'd that earth so well,
With all its lovely things!
—Was it for this the death-wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

—Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert-sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel-wreath is mine—
—With a lone heart, a weary frame—
O restless deep! I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold!
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home;
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, th' unsought, unwatch'd-for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
This boundless love, this fairy thought—
—*Alone* I come—oh! give me peace, dark sea!

DIRGE.

WHERE shall we make her grave?
—Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence, in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And, o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Cosi fior diverrai che non soggiace
All 'acqua, al gelo, al vento ed allo scherno,
D' una stagion volubile e fugace;
E a piu fido Cultor posto in governo,
Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,
Ad eterna Bellezza odore eterno.

PIETRO METASTASIO.

ROSE! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose?
How, midst grief and fear
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf glows?

Rose! too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou thro' the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Thro' a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly life too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek;
Thoughts of glory, rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, oh! festal rose,
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower?
—Oh! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power,
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom,—
Have they no place but *here*, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?
—Heaven's own purest waters
Well might wear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre cloth'd, transcendantly more fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal rose!

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

Children of night! unfolding meekly, slowly
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied;
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined;
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.

—So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
But send forth odours with the faint soft voices
Rising from hidden streams, when all is still.
So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT-FLOWERS.

CALL back your odours, lovely flowers,
From the night-winds call them back,
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track.

The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest,
Why watch ye here alone?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies?

Take ye no joy in the day-spring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew?
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child with a fairy shout
Goes dancing on its way!

"Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light,
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze, when no step is nigh;
Oh thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high!

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to heaven!"

ECHO-SONG.

In thy cavern-hall,
Echo! art thou sleeping?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's horn,
Wakes thee, Echo! into music leaping!
—Strange sweet Echo! into music leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling
From each sister-voice
Round hy rocky dwelling;

And their sweetness fills
All the hollow hills,
With a thousand notes, of *one* life telling!
—Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.

Echo! in my heart
Thus deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart,
Buried, yet undying.
Till some gentle tone
Wakening haply *one*,
Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying!
—Strange sweet Echo! even like thee replying.*

* This song is in the possession of Mrs. Power.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.*

The muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour,
By a mountain stream of Spain.

* Set to beautiful music by John Lodge, Esq.

The oaks of England wav'd
O'er the slumbers of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above *his* last lone place:

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which call'd strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,
By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its wave the plumes
Of many a stately head;

But a mother—soon to die,
And a sister—long to weep,
Ev'n then were breathing prayer for him,
In that home beyond the deep:

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourn'd round,
O'er the soldier's burial-rite.

THE SWAN AND THE SKY-LARK.

Adieu, adieu! my plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.

KEATS.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

SHELLEY.

MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out, thro' shadowy grass and thick wild flowers,

Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely Swan
Warbled his death-chaunt; and a poet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
Ev'n painfully—as with the sweetness rung
From parting love; and to the Poet's thought
This was their language.

"Summer, I depart!
O light and laughing summer, fare thee well!
No song the less thro' thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn! ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

And ye, bright founts, that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
—Sweet waters! I must die.

Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow thro' the pines?—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?

No, ever glad and free!
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell,
Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

But *thou*, sweet boon, too late
Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?

Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
O life and love, farewell!"

Thus flow'd the death-chaunt on; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream,
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy,
Woke to respond: and all the air was fill'd
With that one sighing sound—"Farewell, Farewell!"
—Fill'd with *that* sound? high in the calm blue heaven
Ev'n then a Sky-lark hung; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
And midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quiver'd with song:—such free triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below—and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the Poet's ear exultingly.

" The summer is come; she hath said, ' Rejoice !'
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high;
—Sing, sing thro' the echoing sky!

" There is joy in the mountains; the bright waves leap,
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
—Let the heavens ring with song!

" There is joy in the forests; the bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing thro' the echoing heav'n!

" Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with day-spring born:
Only young rapture can mount so high—
—Sing, sing thro' the echoing sky!"

So those two voices met; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents; and amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening Poet cried,
—" Oh! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious Nature! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blendest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival;
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart
—Aye, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones
To startle and to pierce!—the dying Swan's,
And the glad Sky-Lark's—Triumph and Despair!"

SONGS OF SPAIN.*

No. I.

ANCIENT BATTLE SONG.

FLING forth the proud banner of Leon again!
Let the high word "*Castile*" go resounding thro' Spain!
And thou, free Asturias, encamp'd on the height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight!
Wake, wake! the old soil where thy children repose,
Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling of foes.

* Written for a set of airs, entitled "Peninsular Melodies," selected by Colonel Hodges, and published by Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, who have permitted the reappearance of the words in this volume.

The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain-blast;
The ancient Sierras give strength to our tread,
Their pines murmur song where bright blood hath
been shed.
—Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
And shout ye "Castile! to the rescue for Spain!"

II.

THE ZEGRI MAID.

The Zegris were one of the most illustrious Moorish tribes. Their exploits, and feuds with their celebrated rivals the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Spanish romances.

II.

THE ZEGRI MAID.

THE summer leaves were sighing,
Around the Zegri maid,
To her low sad song replying
As it fill'd the olive shade.
" Alas! for her that loveth
Her land's, her kindred's foe!
Where a Christian Spaniard roveth,
Should a Zegri's spirit go?

" From thy glance, my gentle mother!
I sink, with shame oppress'd,
And the dark eye of my brother
Is an arrow to my breast."

—Where summer leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zegri maid,
While the crimson day was dying
In the whispery olive shade.

" And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
This woe, in secret borne,
This flower of young life blasted,
Should I win back aught but scorn?
By aught but daily dying
Would my lone truth be repaid?"
—Where the olive leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zegri maid.

III.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.

The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of their country for the frequent combats on its banks, between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream, in Percy's Reliques,

> "Gentle river, gentle river,
> Lo! thy streams are stained with gore,"

will be remembered by many readers.

III.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.

Flow, Rio Verde!
In melody flow;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from woe;
Bid thy wave's music
Roll thro' her dreams,
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound,
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground;

Pass like the whisper
  Of love that is gone—
—Flow, Rio Verde!
  Softly flow on!

Dark glassy water
  So crimson'd of yore!
Love, death, and sorrow
  Know thy green shore.
Thou shouldst have echoes
  For grief's deepest tone—
—Flow, Rio Verde,
  Softly flow on!

IV.

SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO.

Seek by the silvery Darro,
Where jasmine flowers have blown;
There hath she left no footsteps?
—Weep, weep, the maid is gone!

Seek where our Lady's image
Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep;
Hear ye not there her vespers?
—Weep for the parted, weep!

Seek in the porch where vine-leaves
O'ershade her father's head?
—Are *his* grey hairs left lonely?
—Weep! her bright soul is fled.

V.

SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on earth and sea!
Now, sweet Mother! may the weary
Turn from this cold world to thee!

From the wide and restless waters
Hear the sailor's hymn arise!
From his watch-fire midst the mountains,
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!

Yet, when thus full hearts find voices,
If o'erburden'd souls there be,
Dark and silent in their anguish,
Aid those captives! set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing,
Where the frozen tears lie deep;
Thou, the Mother of all Sorrows,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

VI.

BIRD, THAT ART SINGING ON EBRO'S SIDE!

Bird, that art singing on Ebro's side,
Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,
Doth sorrow dwell midst the leaves with thee?
Doth song avail thy full heart to free?
—Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it blighted affection's pain,
Whence the sad sweetness flows thro' thy strain?
And is the wound of that arrow still'd,
When thy lone music the leaves hath fill'd?
—Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

VII.

MOORISH GATHERING SONG.

ZORZICO.*

CHAINS on the cities! gloom in the air!
—Come to the hills! fresh breezes are there.
Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers!
—Come to the rocks where freedom hath towers.

Come from the Darro!—chang'd is its tone;
Come where the streams no bondage have known;
Wildly and proudly foaming they leap,
Singing of freedom from steep to steep.

* The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singular antique Moorish melody.

Come from Alhambra! garden and grove
Now may not shelter beauty or love.
Blood on the waters, death midst the flowers!
—Only the spear and the rock are ours.

VIII.

THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

We heard thy name, O Mina!
Far thro' our hills it rang;
A sound more strong than tempests,
More keen than armour's clang.
The peasant left his vintage,
The shepherd grasp'd the spear—
—We heard thy name, O Mina!
The mountain bands are here.

As eagles to the day-spring,
As torrents to the sea,
From every dark Sierra
So rush'd our hearts to thee.

Thy spirit is our banner,
  Thine eye our beacon-sign,
Thy name our trumpet, Mina!
  —The mountain bands are thine.

IX.

MOTHER, OH! SING ME TO REST.

A CANCION.

MOTHER! oh, sing me to rest
As in my bright days departed:
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
Songs for a spirit oppress'd.

Lay this tired head on thy breast!
Flowers from the night-dew are closing,
Pilgrims and mourners reposing—
—Mother, oh! sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!
Weary is young life when blighted
Heavy this love unrequited;—
—Mother, oh! sing me to rest!

X.

THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES.

THERE are sounds in the dark Roncesvalles,
There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore;
There are murmurs—but not of the torrent,
Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'Tis a day of the spear and the banner,
Of armings and hurried farewells;
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards!
Or start from your old battle-dells.

There are streams of unconquer'd Asturias,
That have roll'd with your father's free blood;
Oh! leave on the graves of the mighty,
Proud marks where their children have stood!

THE CURFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK! from the dim church-tower,
The deep slow curfew's chime!
—A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England's olden time!
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quench'd the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheered the board with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow!

Until that sullen boding knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp and lip, and spirit, fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then,
In the wild deer's forest far!
No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,
Might guide him, as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirings fill'd,
Would have liv'd o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were still'd!

And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
Where the fondly lov'd in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread!

For the mother, doom'd unseen to keep
By the dying babe, her place,
And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep,
Yet not behold its face!

Darkness in chieftain's hall!
Darkness in peasant's cot!
While freedom, under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.
Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize!
For blood hath flow'd like rain,
Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule-faggots high,
Till the red light fills the room!
It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening-gloom.

Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With a thought of the olden days!

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated.

BYRON.

THE vesper-bell, from church and tower,
Had sent its dying sound;
And the household, in the hush of eve,
Were met, their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden trumpet's power—
"We rise on all our hills! come forth! 'tis thy country's gathering hour—

There's a gleam of spears by every stream, in each
old battle-dell—
Come forth, young Juan! bid thy home a brief and
proud farewell!"

Then the father gave his son the sword,
Which a hundred fights had seen—
"Away! and bear it back, my boy!
All that it still hath been!

"Haste, haste! the hunters of the foe are up, and
who shall stand
The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant
land?
Our chase shall sound through each defile where
swept the clarion's blast,
With the flying footsteps of the Moor in stormy ages
past."

Then the mother kiss'd her son, with tears
That o'er his dark locks fell:
"I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell!"

"One moment! but one moment give to parting thought or word!
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart is stirred.
Bear but the memory of thy love about thee in the fight,
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of keener might."

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low:
"In the vigil, in the conflict, love!
My prayer shall with thee go!"

"Come forth! come as the torrent comes when the
winter's chain is burst!
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence
nursed—
The night is past, the silence o'er—on all our hills
we rise—
We wait thee, youth! sleep, dream no more! the
voice of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darken'd home,
When the brave had left their bower;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS.

I.

AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription—"*Et in Arcadia ego.*"

SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS.*

I.

AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

They have wandered in their glee
With the butterfly and bee;
They have climb'd o'er heathery swells,
They have wound thro' forest dells;
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led;

* Of these songs, the ones entitled "Ye are not miss'd, fair Flowers," the "Willow Song," "Leave me not yet," and the "Orange Bough," are in the possession of Mr. Willis, by whom they will be published with music.

Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant bell and starry cup:
Chaplets are on every brow—
—What hath stayed the wanderer now?
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb,
Bowered amidst the rich wood-gloom;
Whence these words their stricken spirits melt,
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,
Insect-wings in sun-streaks dancing;
Glimpses of blue festal skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;

Yet a spirit not its own
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
Something of an under-note
Thro' its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day:
Something, dimly from those old words felt,
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this alter'd earth?
Is it thus? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand?
Flowers, and lyres, and gather'd store
Of red wild-fruit prized no more?

—No! from that bright band of morn,
Not one link hath yet been torn;
'Tis the shadow of the tomb
Falling o'er the summer-bloom,
O'er the flush of love and life
Passing with a sudden strife;
'Tis the low prophetic breath
Murmuring from that house of death,
Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can melt,
"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

II.

THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
  Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
  Of its tones amongst the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
  Or from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
  Thro' which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
  Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
  The Wind, the wandering Wind!

No, no! the strange sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the caverned hill:
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the Wind, the wandering Wind!

III.

YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS.

Ye are not miss'd, fair flowers, that late were spreading
The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot;
There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
O lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone;
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving
The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd;
Cradled ye were, fair flowers! midst all things loving,
A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not miss'd!

Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list!
—Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness,
To say—earth's *human* flowers not more are miss'd.

IV.

WILLOW-SONG.

Willow! in thy breezy moan,
I can hear a deeper tone;
Thro' thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago.
Willow, sighing Willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow.
Willow, sighing Willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree!
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent:
Willow, sighing Willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on!
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, Willow, Willow!

V.

LEAVE ME NOT YET!

Leave me not yet—thro' rosy skies from far,
But now the song-birds to their nests return;
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:
Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—oh hark! low tones from hidden streams,
Piercing the shivery leaves, ev'n now arise;
Their voices mingle not with day light-dreams,
They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:
Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love!
By day shut up in their own still recess,
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness:
Leave me not yet!

VI.

THE ORANGE-BOUGH.

Oh! bring me one sweet Orange-bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow;
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,
And bind it, Mother! on my breast!

Go, seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odours I must breathe no more;
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there;
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, ev'n in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, Mother! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

VII.

THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free!
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee!

The woodland is thy country,
Thou art all its own again;
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves!
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds,
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,
Whose brightness bears no token more
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let free-born music
Flow with thy wavy line,
While the stock-dove's lingering loving voice
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,
Strings of the forest-lyre,
All fill'd with answering spirit-sounds,
In joy respire.

Yet, midst thy song's glad changes,
Oh! keep one pitying tone
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
To bring, like healing dew,
A sense, that nature ne'er forsakes
The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,
Thou stream, thou glad and free!
The shadows of all glorious flowers
Be set in thee!

VIII.

THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;

Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away!
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling fox-glove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;

Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crowned,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

IX.

OH! SKY-LARK, FOR THY WING.

Oh! Sky-lark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At heaven's empyreal height!
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Whence the streams in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me
Oh sky-lark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise!

And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring,
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wandered on thy wing.

But oh! the silver chords,
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low sweet nest returning,
How soon my love would bring,
There, *there* the dews of morning,
Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE.

That voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter; birds or trees,
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

COLERIDGE.

I heard a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all imploringly; and made
All nature as they passed, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
As with the consciousness of human prayer.
—At times the passion-kindled melody

Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,
Over the wild sea-wave;—at times the strain
Flowed with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse;
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
Of Tasso's holy lyre;—yet still the tones
Were of a suppliant;—"*Leave me not!*" was still
The burden of their music; and I knew
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,
Its own still world amidst th' o'erpeopled world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

They crown me with the glistening crown,
Borne from a deathless tree;
I hear the pealing music of renown—
O Love! forsake me not!
Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee!

They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth;
From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden glow!
Shed by thy gentle eyes
It gives to flower and skies,
A bright new birth!

Thence gleams the path of morning,
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone!
Thence to its heart of hearts, the rose is burning
With lustre not its own!
Thence every wood-recess
Is filled with loveliness,
Each bower, to ring-doves and dim violets known.

I see all beauty by the ray
That streameth from thy smile;
Oh! bear it, bear it not away!
Can that sweet light beguile?

Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,
To linger long by earthly streams;
I clasp it with th' alloy
Of fear 'midst quivering joy,
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not, Love! to mine own beating heart!

The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee;
The world's cold breath would quench the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple filled with thee!
Seal'd would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free!

Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled;
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead;

Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd,
Such would my spirit be;
So mute, so void, so shatter'd,
Bereft of thee!

Leave me not, Love! or if this earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers—"*Come!*"
Then, with the glory from the rose,
With the sparkle from the stream,
With the light thy rainbow-presence throws
Over the poet's dream;
With all th' Elysian hues
Thy pathway that suffuse,
With joy, with music, from the fading grove,
Take *me*, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet Love!

MUSIC AT A DEATH-BED.

"Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal, or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
And with some softly-whispered air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair!"

WARTON FROM EURIPIDES.

BRING music! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath!
Bring sounds my struggling soul to bear
Up from the couch of death!

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft, at golden fall of day,
O'er blue transparent seas!

Oh no! not such! that lingering spell
Would lure me back to life,
When my weaned heart hath said farewell,
And passed the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love
Blend with the song its tone!
Let no disturbing echo move
One that must die alone!

But pour a solemn-breathing strain
Filled with the soul of prayer;
Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,
And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper! in my thought
Lies more prevailing sound,
A harmony intensely fraught
With pleading more profound

A passion unto music given,
A sweet, yet piercing cry:
A breaking heart's appeal to heaven,
A bright faith's victory!

Deeper! Oh! may no richer power
Be in those notes enshrined?
Can all which crowds on earth's last hour
No fuller language find?

Away! and hush the feeble song,
And let the chord be stilled!
Far in another land ere long
My dream shall be fulfilled.

WHERE IS THE SEA?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempé, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied—"*The sea—where is it?*"

WHERE IS THE SEA?

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute—
I hear the whispering tree;—
The echoes of my soul are mute:
—Where is my own blue sea?

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

"I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own Regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup —his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last."

Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE.

Thou didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
And a banner in thy hand;
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,
Thy long bright years had sped;
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
When the snows had crowned thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief!
Brothers and friends, perchance;
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leaped high,
And thy voice the war-horse knew;
And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,
Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now mayest thou slumber—thy work is done—
Thou of the well-worn sword!
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,
Where fiery blood hath flowed:—
Oh! lover of battle and trumpet-sound!
Thou art couch'd in a still abode!

A quiet home from the noonday's glare,
And the breath of the wintry blast—
Didst thou toil thro' the days of thy silvery hair,
To win thee but *this* at last?

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.

These songs (with the exception of the fifth) have all been set to music by the author's sister, and are in the possession of Mr. Willis, by whose permission they are here published.

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.

INTRODUCTION.

One hour for distant homes to weep
'Midst Afric's burning sands,
One silent sunset hour was given
To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,
In the gardens of their lord;
And mingling with the fountain's tune,
Their songs of exile poured.

And strangely, sadly, did those lays
Of Alp and Ocean sound,
With Afric's wild red skies above,
And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tones,
And most when most they tried
To breathe of hope and liberty,
From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,
Parted by mount and main;
So did they sing in brotherhood,
Made kindred by the chain.

I.

THE BROTHER'S DIRGE.

In the proud old fanes of England
My warrior fathers lie,
Banners hang drooping o'er their dust
With gorgeous blazonry.
But thou, but *thou*, my brother!
O'er thee dark billows sweep,
The best and bravest heart of all
Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England
My noble fathers bled;
For her lion kings of lance and spear,
They went down to the dead.

But thou, but thou, my brother!
Thy life-drops flowed for me—
Would I were with thee in thy rest,
Young sleeper of the sea.

In a sheltered home of England
Our sister dwells alone,
With quick heart listening for the sound
Of footsteps that are gone.
She little dreams, my brother!
Of the wild fate we have found;
I, midst the Afric sands a slave,
Thou, by the dark seas bound.

II.

THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine horn! the Alpine horn!
Oh! through my native sky,
Might I but hear its deep notes borne,
Once more,—but once,—and die!

Yet, no! midst breezy hills thy breath,
So full of hope and morn,
Would win me from the bed of death—
O joyous Alpine horn!

But *here* the echo of that blast,
To many a battle known,
Seems mournfully to wander past,
A wild, shrill, wailing tone!

Haunt me no more ! for slavery's air
Thy proud notes were not born;
The dream but deepens my despair—
Be hushed, thou Alpine horn !

III.

O YE VOICES.

O ye voices round my own hearth singing!
As the winds of May to memory sweet,
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
Would those vernal tones the Wanderer greet,
Once again?

Never, never! Spring hath smiled and parted
Oft since then your fond farewell was said;
O'er the green turf of the gentle hearted,
Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,
Oft again.

Or if still around my heart ye linger,
Yet, sweet voices! there must change have come;
Years have quelled the free soul of the singer,
Vernal tones shall greet the Wanderer home,
Ne'er again!

IV.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I dream of all things free!
  Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea,
  Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
  Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
  Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
  A bright-eyed mountain king!
In my visions I have heard
  The rushing of his wing.

I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
—I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way:
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree:—
—My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

V.

FAR O'ER THE SEA.

WHERE are the vintage songs
  Wandering in glee?
Where dance the peasant bands
  Joyous and free?
Under a kind blue sky,
Where doth my birth-place lie?
  —Far o'er the sea!

Where floats the myrtle-scent
  O'er vale and lea,
When evening calls the dove
  Homewards to flee?
Where doth the orange gleam
Soft on my native stream?
  —Far o'er the sea!

Where are sweet eyes of love
  Watching for me?
Where o'er the cabin roof
  Waves the green tree?
Where speaks the vesper-chime
Still of a holy time?
  —Far o'er the sea!

Dance on, ye vintage bands,
  Fearless and free!
Still fresh and greenly wave,
  My father's tree!
Still smile, ye kind blue skies!
Though your son pines and dies
  Far o'er the sea!

VI.

THE INVOCATION.

Oh! art thou still on earth, my love?
My only love!
Or smiling in a brighter home,
Far, far above?

Oh! is thy sweet voice fled, my love?
Thy light step gone?
And art thou not, in Earth or Heaven,
Still, still my own?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
In midnight dreams!
But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my love!
Dwelt on thy brow;
But something mournfully divine
There shineth now!

And silent ever is thy lip,
And pale thy cheek;—
Oh! art thou Earth's, or art thou Heaven's,
Speak to me, speak!

VII.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

DROOP not, my brothers! I hear a glad strain—
We shall burst forth like streams from the winter-
night's chain;
A flag is unfurled, a bright star of the sea,
A ransom approaches—we yet shall be free!

Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps
Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps,
Where the snows glisten, the mountain rills foam,
Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.

Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are
met,
Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet!
Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea,—
Droop not, my Brothers! we yet shall be free!

THE BIRD AT SEA.

Bird of the greenwood!
Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Where the mast quivers,
Thy place will not be,
As midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.

How should'st thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south-wind
Vine leaves are fanned?
Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering,
Where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark;

A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day,
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away !"

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

"I desire as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."

Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health.

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

Bear them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no Death can touch the rose!

THE IVY-SONG.

Written on receiving some Ivy-leaves, gathered from the ruined Castle of Rheinfels on the Rhine.

THE IVY-SONG.

Oh! how could fancy crown with *thee*
In ancient days the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Ivy! *thy* home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle-plains,
Where Kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent:
Tho' shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.
Urn and sculpture half divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone th' Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy! they know thee well!
And far above the festal vine,
Thou wav'st where once proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine
—The Rhine, still fresh and young!

Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine
—Ivy! all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down
Those Eyries of a vanish'd race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have pass'd, and left no trace.
But thou art there!—serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
Thou that will climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb!
Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, thro' deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.

And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power,
—Days pass—thou Ivy never sere!*
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine—
—Temple, pillar, shrine!

* Ye Myrtles brown, and Ivy never sere.—*Lycides.*

THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S.

The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill.—The majestic harmony of effect thus produced is not a little deepened by the character of the Church itself; which, though small, yet with its dark rich fret-work, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognize it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old;—a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike King.

MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S.

All the choir
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas.
MILTON.

AGAIN, oh! send that anthem peal again
Thro' the arch'd roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory!

Such sounds the warrior awe-struck might have heard,
While arm'd for fields of chivalrous renown;
Such the high hearts of Kings might well have stirr'd,
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown,

Those notes once more!—they bear my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to its flight;
No earthly passion in th' exulting lay,
Whispers one tone to win me from that height.

All is of Heaven!—Yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their source?
Ev'n while the waves of that strong harmony
Roll with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token-shower?
—Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

KEENE, OR LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

This lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes, many of which are distinguished by a wild and and deep pathos, and other characteristics analogous to those of the national music.

KEENE, OR LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!
Silent and dark.

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footstep,
My heart within me smiled;
—Thou wert brought me back all silent
On thy bier, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!
Silent and dark.

I thought to see thy children
Laugh on me with thine eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee,
Thy kindred's graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!
Silent and dark.

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost one, in the earth;
—Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth!

Let the roof go down!—let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone Mother's call!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!
Silent and dark.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the Ocean Isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, Stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the Pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the Palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toils are gone—
—*There* slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strong.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reck whose task is done?
—*There* slumber England's dead.

The mountain storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs thro' the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won—
—*There* slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done—
—Ev'n there sleep England's dead!

The warlike of the Isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles?
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, Stranger! track the deep!
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead!*

* Set to music by the Author's sister.

FAR AWAY.*

Far away!—my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I hear my brothers play,
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more.
Far away!

Far away! my dreams are far away,
When at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
"Gentle child," my mother seems to say
"Follow me where home shall smile again!"
Far away!

* This, and the five following songs, have been set to music of great merit, by J. Zeugheer Herrmann, and H. F. C., and are published in a set by Mr. Power, who has given permission for the appearance of the words in this Volume.

Far away! my hope is far away,
Where love's voice young gladness may restore;
—O thou dove! now soaring thro' the day,
Lend me wings to reach that better shore,
Far away!

THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

A lyre its plaintive sweetness pour'd
  Forth on the wild wind's track;
The stormy wanderer jarr'd the chord,
  But gave no music back.
    —Oh! child of song!
      Bear hence to heaven thy fire!
    What hop'st thou from the reckless throng;
      Be not like that lost lyre!
        Not like that lyre!

A flower its leaves and odours cast
  On a swift-rolling wave;
Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,
  And back no treasure gave.

—Oh! heart of love!
Waste not thy precious dower!
Turn to thine only home above,
Be not like that lost flower!
Not like that flower.

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies ;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known ;
Thro' thy soul a storm hath moved,
—Gentle sister, thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art followed by a dream ;

In the woods and vallies lone
Music haunts thee not thine own:
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirred!
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

THE LONELY BIRD.

From a ruin thou art singing,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!
The soft blue air is ringing,
By thy summer music stirr'd;
But all is dark and cold beneath,
Where harps no more are heard:
Whence winn'st thou that exulting breath,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird?

Thy song flows richly swelling,
To a triumph of glad sounds,
As from its cavern dwelling
A stream in glory bounds!

Tho' the castle echoes catch no tone
Of human step or word,
Tho' the fires be quenched and the feasting done,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!

How can that flood of gladness
Rush thro' thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
From the bosom of decay?
While dirge-notes in the breeze's moan,
Thro' the ivy garlands heard,
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!

There's many a heart, wild singer,
Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,
Where love hath left his bower:

And there's many a spirit e'en like thee,
To mirth as lightly stirr'd,
Tho' it soar from ruins in its glee,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!

DIRGE AT SEA.

Sleep!—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood from the brave,
Thou shalt find a noble grave.
Fare thee well!

Sleep! thy billowy field is won.
Proudly may the funeral gun,
Midst the hush at set of sun,
Boom thy knell!

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
Never there may flower be shed,
Marble reared, or brother's head
Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne thro' battle high and free,
Long the red cross flag shall be.
Sleep! O sleep!

PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.

O soft star of the west!
Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star!
Thou bring'st from rock and wave,
The sea-bird to her nest,
The hunter from the hills,
The fisher back to rest.
Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far!
O soft star of the west,
Blessed star!

No bowery roof is mine,
No hearth of love and rest,
Yet guide me to my shrine,
O soft star of the west!
There, there, my home shall be,
Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,
When prayer and tear gush free,
—O soft star of the west!

O soft star of the west,
Gleaming far!
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star!
Shine from thy rosy heaven,
Pour joy on earth and sea!
Shine on, tho' no sweet eyes
Look forth to watch for me!

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dress'd the vines,
Sunlight was on Cithœron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, thro' his reeds and flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunter's choral strain
To the woodland-goddess pour'd?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain echoes of the land
Swell'd through the deep blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,
Rung with no battle shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high;
But the Dorian reed, and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path around,
Sent forth Æolian breath:
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death!

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bringing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne!

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments;—and then days, months, years intervene—and we see and know nothing of each other."

Washington Irving.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had stilled the tide;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept;—
While dancing step, and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
—Oh! brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore;
—In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—Oh! never more!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe:—
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below!

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

A LEGEND OF WALES.

It is an old tradition of the Welch Bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris, is an excavation resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a state of frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration. This song is one of a "Selection of Welch Melodies, arranged by John Parry, and published by Mr. Power."

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

A LEGEND OF WALES.

I lay on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birth-place of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulphs faintly gleaming,
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a Spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw;
Things glorious, unearthly, pass'd floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe!
I viewed the dread beings, around us that hover,
Tho' veil'd by the mists of mortality's breath;
And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion,
I *felt* their dim presence,—but knew not their forms!

I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
The dead were around me that night on the hill:
From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they darted,
—There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly liv'd thro' that hour;
And as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power!
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun;
—But oh! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won!

A FAREWELL TO WALES.

FOR THE MELODY CALLED "THE ASH GROVE."

ON LEAVING THAT COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—
—Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain-air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
—Green land, Poet-land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies,
For thy cottage hearths, burning the strangers to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.*

" All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield."
MILTON.

The Hall of Harps is lone to-night.
And cold the chieftain's hearth;
It hath no mead, it hath no light,
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone;
The pilgrim turns him from the door
Where minstrel-blood hath stain'd the threshold stone.

* At the time of the supposed massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward the First.

And I too go—my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died—
Yet ere my soul grow dark with sleep,
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride!

Bear it, where on his battle plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—Saxon! think not *all* is won.

Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand;
—Dreamer! that number'st with the dead,
The burning spirit of the mountain land!

Think'st thou because the song hath ceas'd,
The soul of song is flown?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It liv'd beside the ruddy hearth alone?

No! by our wrongs, and by our blood,
We leave it pure and free—
Though hush'd awhile, that sounding flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

We leave it midst our country's woe,
The birth-right of her breast—
We leave it as we leave the snow
Bright and eternal on *Eryri's crest.

We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath.
Our voice in theirs thro' time shall swell—
The Bard hath gifts of prophecy from death.

He dies—but yet the mountains stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide;
And this is yet †*Aneurin's* land—
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride!

* Eryri, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains.
† Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

COME AWAY!*

Come away!—the child, where flowers are springing
Round its footsteps on the mountain slope,
Hears a glad voice from the upland singing,
Like the sky-lark's with its tone of hope:
Come away!

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,
All the wealth of glowing life outspread,
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,
By that strain the youth in joy is led:
Come away!

* This song is in the possession of Mr. Power, to be set to music

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
O'er the sweetness of the voice within;
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
Urge the hunter still to chase, to win:
Come away!

Come away!—the heart, at last forsaken,
Smile by smile, hath prov'd each hope untrue;
Yet a breath can still those words awaken,
Tho' to other shores far hence they woo:
Come away!

In the light leaves, in the reed's faint sighing,
In the low sweet sounds of early spring,
Still their music wanders—till the dying
Hears them pass, as on a spirit's wing:
Come away!

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

"Fair Helen of Kirconnel," as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her bethrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

Hold me upon thy faithful heart,
Keep back my flitting breath;
'Tis early, early to depart,
Belov'd!—yet this is death!

Look on me still:—let that kind eye
Be the last light I see!
Oh! sad it is in spring to die,
But yet I die for thee!

For thee, my own! thy stately head
Was never thus to bow;—
Give tears when with me love hath fled,
True love, thou know'st it now!

Oh! the free streams looked bright, where'er
We in our gladness roved;
And the blue skies were very fair—
O friend! because we loved.

Farewell!—I bless thee—live thou on,
When this young heart is low!
Surely my blood thy life hath won—
Clasp me once more—I go!

MUSIC FROM SHORE.

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound!
Piercing the tumult of the seas
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap?
No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot,
Whence those rich breathings flow!
Kind hearts, although they know me not,
Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze!

‡ LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES.

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparence lies;
Their sweetness gives me back the tears,
And the free trust of early years;
My gentle child!

The spirit of my infant prayer
Shines in the depths of quiet there.
And home and love once more are mine,
Found in that dewy calm divine,
My gentle child!

‡ The songs marked thus ‡ are in the possession of Mr. Willis, to be published by him with music.

Oh! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams:
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies;
—Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
My gentle child!

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
When Spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
For we have wandered far and free,
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go—but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath bell
On summer winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I lov'd it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze,
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends! in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirr'd—
—Think of me then! I go, I go!

IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER.

Oh cast thou not
Affection from thee! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted:
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee:
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing:
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that strain of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered:—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon for ever shattered!

‡ BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED.

Brightly, brightly hast thou fled,
Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,
Brightly didst thou part!
With thy young thoughts pure from spot,
With thy fond love wasted not,
With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
Ere with dust o'erspread:
Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,
White-rose which no stain hath known,
Be about thee shed!

So we give thee to the earth,
And the primrose shall have birth
O'er thy gentle head;
Thou that like a dew-drop, borne
On a sudden breeze of morn,
Brightly thou hast fled!

‡ SING TO ME, GONDOLIER!

Sing to me, Gondolier!
Sing words from Tasso's lay;
While blue, and still, and clear,
Night seems but softer day:
The gale is gently falling
As if it paus'd to hear
Some strain the past recalling;
Sing to me, Gondolier!

Oh, ask me not to wake
The memory of the brave;
Bid no high numbers break
The silence of the wave.

Gone are the noble-hearted,
Closed the bright pageants here;
And the glad song is departed
From the mournful Gondolier!

O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS.*

O'ER the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one!
Back to thine home!

When the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place,
While the true heart pineth
Missing thy face.

* Set to music by the Author's sister.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou art gone,
Sisters are mourning thee,
Come to thine own!

Hark! the home voices call
Back to thy rest;
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast!

O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one!
Back to thine home!

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING!*

O thou breeze of spring!
Gladdening sea and shore,
Wake the woods to sing,
Wake my heart no more!
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
Hail thee, breeze of spring,
Once more!

* Set to music by John Lodge, Esq.

O'er long buried flowers
  Passing, not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
  Thou hast brought again.
—Let the primrose greet thee,
  Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee—
  Wake my heart no more!
    No more!

From a funeral urn
  Bowered in leafy gloom,
Ev'n *thy* soft return
  Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
  Like that silent thing;
Stir the founts of weeping
  There, O breeze of spring,
    No more!

COME TO ME, DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Come to me, dreams of heaven!
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.
Away, far, far away,
From bowers by tempests riven,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed dreams of heaven!

Come but for one brief hour,
Sweet dreams! and yet again,
O'er burning thought and memory shower
Your soft effacing rain!

Waft me where gales divine,
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts for ever shine—
O blessed dreams of heaven !*

* Set to music by Miss Graves.

GOOD NIGHT.*

DAY is past!
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast!
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night!

* For a melody of Eisenhofer's.

Joy be thine!
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!
Go, and in the spirit-land
Meet thy home's long parted band,
Be thine eyes all love and light—
Good night!

Peace to all!
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams;
Bard! away to worlds more bright—
Good night!

LET HER DEPART.

Her home is far, oh! far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath nought to do with earthly day,
'Tis kindled from the skies.
Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
E'vn as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth.
How softly, yet how far!
Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
Oh! could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wings to sigh.
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her beloved is gone.
Let her depart

WATER-LILIES.

A FAIRY-SONG.

Come away, Elves! while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where fairies meet;
Know that the lilies have spread their bells
O'er all the pools in our forest-dells;
Stilly and lightly their vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
Catching the sunshine thro' leaves that throw
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
A golden star unto heaven looks up,
As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,
Set in the blue of the summer sky.

—Come away! under arching boughs we'll float,
Making those urns each a fairy boat;
We'll row them with reeds o'er the fountains free,
And a tall flag leaf shall our streamer be,
And we'll send out wild music so sweet and low,
It shall seem from the bright flower's heart to flow,
As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,
Or water-drops trained into melody.
—Come away! for the midsummer sun grows strong,
And the life of the lily may not be long.

‡ THE BROKEN FLOWER.

Oh! wear it on thy heart, my love!
Still, still a little while!
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Tho' faded be their smile.
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
Oh! cast it not away!
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love!
A long, bright, golden day!

A little while around thee, love!
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling, that on thy heart hath lain,
A fair, tho' faded thing.

But not ev'n that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate:
—Oh! *I* am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late,
My love!
Cherish'd, alas! too late!

‡ I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I would we had not met again!
—I had a dream of thee,
Lovely, tho' sad, on desert plain,
Mournful on midnight sea.

What tho' it haunted me by night,
And troubled thro' the day?
It touched all earth with spirit-light,
It glorified my way!

Oh! what shall now my faith restore
In holy things and fair?
We met—I saw thy soul once more—
—The world's breath had been there!

Yes! it was sad on desert-plain,
Mournful on midnight sea,
Yet would I buy with life again
That one deep dream of thee!

FAIRIES' RECALL.

While the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood!
Oh! return, return!

Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more;

While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet
Rings to that old chorus:
"The daisy is so sweet!"*

Oberon, Titania,
Did your starlight mirth,
With the song of Avon,
Quit this work-day earth?
Yet while green leaves glisten,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return, return!

* See the chorus of Fairies in the "Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer.

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair
  Now Spring is on her way;
Well, well I know how brightly there
  In joy the young leaves play;
How sweet on winds of morn or eve
  The violet's breath may be;—
—Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
  My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
  The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
  Than all earth's melodies.

—Come back, my ocean rover! come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
—My lone rock by the sea!

O YE VOICES GONE.*

Oh! ye voices gone,
Sounds of other years!
Hush that haunting tone,
Melt me not to tears!
All around forget,
All who loved you well,
Yet, sweet voices, yet
O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of spring,
With the breath of flowers,
Floating back, ye bring
Thoughts of vanished hours.

* Set to music by Miss H. Corbett.

Hence your music take,
Oh! ye voices gone!
This lone heart ye make
But more deeply lone.

‡ BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT REST.

By a mountain stream at rest,
We found the warrior lying,
And around his noble breast
A banner, clasp'd in dying:
Dark and still
Was every hill,
And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
To a lonely bed we bore him;
'Twas a green, still, solemn place
Where the mountain heath waves o'er him.
Woods alone
Seem to moan,
Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay
Our sad thoughts oft are flying,
To those dark hills far away,
Where in death we found him lying;
On his breast
A banner press'd,
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

‡ IS THERE SOME SPIRIT SIGHING.

Is there some spirit sighing
With sorrow in the air,
Can weary hearts be dying,
Vain love repining *there?*
If not, then how can that wild wail,
O sad Æolian lyre!
Be drawn forth by the wandering gale,
From thy deep thrilling wire?

No, no!—thou dost not borrow
That sadness from the wind,
Nor are those tones of sorrow
In thee, O harp! enshrined;

But in our own hearts deeply set
Lies the true quivering lyre,
Whence love, and memory, and regret,
Wake answers from thy wire.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

THE trumpet of the battle
  Hath a high and thrilling tone;
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
  Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England!
  Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
  Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
  Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
  And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths play'd
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known,
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd;
—Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word!

OLD NORWAY.

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

"To a Norwegian the words *Gamlé Norgé* (Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard, in an instant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus "*For Norgé!*" the national song of Norway. Here, (at Christiansand) and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted; and one might suppose for the moment, that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom."—*Derwent Conway's Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden.*

The following words were written to the national air, as contained in the work above cited.

OLD NORWAY.*

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

ARISE! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast;
Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

* These words have been published, as arranged to the spirited national air of Norway, by Charles Graves, Esq.

Arm, arm, free hunters! for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes;
'Tis not the bear or wild wolf's race,
Whose trampling shakes the snows;
Arm, arm! 'tis on a nobler trace
The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles,
Above the invader's head!
Or let the seas, that guard our Isles,
Give burial to his dead!

ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"

SING, sing in memory of the brave departed,
Let song and wine be poured!
Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,
Our brethren of the sword!

Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices
Have mingled with our own;
Fill high the cup, but when the soul rejoices,
Forget not who are gone!

They that stood with us, midst the dead and dying,
On Albuera's plain;
They that beside us cheerly tracked the flying,
Far o'er the hills of Spain:

They that amidst us, when the shells were showering,
From old Rodrigo's wall,
The rampart scaled, thro' clouds of battle towering,
First, first at victory's call!

They that upheld the banners, proudly waving,
In Roncesvalles' dell;
—With England's blood the southern vineyards laving,
Forget not how they fell!

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,
Let song and wine be poured!
Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,
Our brethren of the sword!

‡ COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP.

Come to me, gentle sleep!
I pine, I pine for thee;
Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
And set my spirit free!
Each lonely, burning thought,
In twilight langour steep—
Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,
O gentle, gentle sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,
Sleep, gentle sleep! yet bring
No voice, love's yearning to renew,
No vision on thy wing!

Come, as to folding flowers,
To birds in forests deep;
—Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,
O gentle, gentle sleep!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE HOME OF LOVE.

THOU mov'st in visions, Love!—Around thy way,
E'en through this world's rough path and changeful day,
For ever floats a gleam,
Not from the realms of moonlight or the morn,
But thine own soul's illumined chambers born—
The colouring of a dream!

Love, shall I read thy dream?—oh! is it not
All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot—
A bower for thee and thine?
Yes! lone and lowly is that home; yet there
Something of heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies,
Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some blessed isle;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have there
A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said *Farewell!*—where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day;
Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill:
There wouldst thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind th' immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour;
Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise;
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Of spirits, not to be disjoined by death,
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that angel-home;—
There should thy slumbers be
Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely blessed,
Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took rest
Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love! thou passionate in joy and woe!
And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below—
Here, where bright things must die?
Oh, thou! that wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,
Still round thy precious things;
Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill;
—Oh! canst *Thou* dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou mighty and thou weak!
Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break.
As a flame, tempest-swayed!
He that sits calm on high is yét the source
Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course,
He that great deep hath made!

Will He not pity?—He whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—
Oh! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with *Him* that bower of blessedness—
Love! *thy* sole home is heaven!

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

La vue d' une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel, j'etais nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres ;—dans l'etroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposies par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux avec des livres et des fleurs.

Madame Roland.

BOOKS AND FLOWERS.

Come, let me make a sunny realm around thee,
Of thought and beauty! Here are books and flowers,
With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound thee,
The ravelled coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,
Even as the odour in the flower enshrined;
Here the crowned spirits of departed ages
Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and change,
and anguish,
For some high place where faith her wing might rest,
Are burning here; a flame that may not languish,
Still pointing upward to that bright hill's crest!

Their grief, the veiled infinity exploring
For treasures lost, is here;—their boundless love
Its mighty streams of gentleness outpouring
On all things round, and clasping all above.

And the bright beings, their own heart's creations,
Bright, yet all human, here are breathing still;
Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations
Are here, and victories of prevailing will!

Listen, oh! listen, let their high words cheer thee!
Their swan-like music ringing through all woes,
Let my voice bring their holy influence near thee,
The Elysian air of their divine repose!

Or wouldst thou turn to earth? *Not* earth all furrowed
By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world that never sorrowed,
The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air!

Look on these flowers! As o'er an altar shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from coloured urns!
They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,
Fresh banks of many a low voiced hidden stream,
Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles
Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,
Covering the turf with flowery blossom-showers;
—Too richly dowered, O friend! are *we* for sadness—
Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours!

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!
—Waft her to glory, winged powers,
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,
Wear yet so deep a calm?—Oh, child of song!
Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed?
Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?
Low haunting whispers, which the weary hearted,
Stealing midst crowds away, have wept to hear?

No, not to thee!—*thy* spirit, meek, yet queenly,
On its own starry height, beyond all this,
Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,
Breathes no faint under-tone through songs of bliss!

Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies?
Bright guests! even such as left of yore their dwelling,
For the deep cedar shades of Paradise!

What strain?—oh! not the Nightingale's when showering
Her own heart's life drops on the burning lay,
She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
And pours her strength, but not her grief away:

And not the Exile's—when midst lonely billows
He wakes the alpine notes his mother sung,
Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,
Where murmuring to the wind, his harp is hung.

And not the Pilgrim's—though his thoughts be holy,
And sweet his Ave song, when day grows dim,
Yet as he journeys, pensively and slowly,
Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.

But thou!—the spirit which at eve is filling
All the hushed air and reverential sky,
Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rapture thrilling,
This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings of devotion
Wherein the currents of thy heart gush free;
Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion
Is the dream-haunted music land for *thee*.

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF A RECENT SHIPWRECK.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.
* * * * * * * * * * *
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!

WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves!
That now in sunshine sweep;
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the solemn deep!

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to heaven?

—Then the sea's voice arose,
Like an earthquake's under-tone:
"Mortal, the strife of human woes
Where hath *not* nature known?

"Here to the quivering mast
Despair hath wildly clung,
The shriek upon the wind hath past,
The midnight sky hath rung.

"And the youthful and the brave
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down.

"They are vanished from their place—
Let their homes and hearths make moan!
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone."

—Alas! thou haughty deep!
The strong, the sounding far!
My heart before thee dies,—I weep
To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and mind,
Ev'n as the breath-stain from the glass,
Leaving no sigh behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main?
Thou and the midnight sky?
Nought save the struggle, brief and vain,
The parting agony!

—And the sea's voice replied,
"Here nobler things have been!
Power with the valiant when they died,
To sanctify the scene:

"Courage, in fragile form,
Faith, trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro' the storm,
But all alike have passed."

Sound on, thou haughty sea!
These have not passed in vain;
My soul awakes, my hope springs free
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
May'st vanish with thy powers;
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I seem like one
Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
  And all but me departed.

MOORE.

SEEST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
  Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
  Soft and low:
Ever there;—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.

Guests come thither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions blessed,
In the haunted chambers rest;
One alone unslumbering lies
When the night hath sealed all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
Startling faces of the dead,
Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
There still meet!
Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
Faintly shining through bright hair;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago!

All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and bannered aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the while;
Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
Are those sounds and visions known?
Wherefore hath that spell of power
Dark and dread,
On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed?
Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,
No strange gift of mystery lies!
She is lone where once she moved,
Fair, and happy, and beloved!

Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;
Now those silver chords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token;
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save her memory of their mirth.
She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gathered o'er her brow,
Midst gay songs and children's play,
She is dwelling far away;
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be!

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs. Lawrence of Wavertree Hall.—It represents the "Hero's Child" of Campbell's Poem, seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects.—A bow and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wild flowers of the desert.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

I fled the home of grief
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,
I found the helmet of my Chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall;
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place, a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies,
The weight of omens heavy in the cloud:—
Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
And gird the form whose beauty grief hath bowed,
And leave the tomb, as tombs are left—alone,
To the star's vigil, and the wind's wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is pour'd;
Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,
And soul seems gushing from the harp's full chord;
And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
Than the sad "*Love lies bleeding*" of the grave.

Oh! little know'st thou of the o'ermastering spell,
Wherewith love binds the spirit strong in pain,
To the spot hallowed by a wild farewell,
A parting agony,—intense, yet vain,
A look—and darkness when it's gleam hath flown,
A voice—and silence when it's words are gone!

She hears thee not; her full, deep, fervent heart
Is set in her dark eyes;—and *they* are bound
Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,
Where faithful love hath sanctified the ground;
And love with death striven long by tear and prayer,
And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
A light, a joy, of its own wanderings born;
Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
Back, back, her lost one comes, in hues of morn!*
For her the gulf is filled—the dark night fled;
Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse high,
All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong,
Oh! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
And more forlorn, amidst the world's gay throng,
Than hers—the queen of that majestic gloom,
The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb!

* "A son of light, a lovely form,
He comes, and makes her glad."
CAMPBELL.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKE'S.

Dark chieftain of the heath and height!
Wild feaster on the hills by night!
Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow
Flung back by glancing spears below?
Now for one strife of stern despair!
The foe hath tracked thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood;
And in whose dreams a moan should be,
Not of the water, nor the tree;
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—
Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain bands!
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head:
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
No longer may to her's reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her form and face;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek religious breast,
Hath perished in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall,
A friendless thing whose lot is cast,
Of lovely ones to be the last;
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh! not wholly lost the heart
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong;
Yet may its depths by heaven be stirred,
Its prayer for thee be poured and heard!

THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS.

All good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.

WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare thro' the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child?
Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat;
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng;
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim;
These are old words, that have made each grove
A dreaming haunt for romance and love;
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er;
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep,
Like hidden gems, in the flower-urns deep;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell;
And the scent by the blossoming sweet-briars shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

Oh! happy child, in thy fawn-like glee!
What is remembrance or thought to thee?

Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
What if to droop and to perish soon?
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now!

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,
Midst the hidden things of each human heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child! for this?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss!
Such be thy portion!—the bliss to look,
With a reverent spirit, through nature's book;

By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the paths of a love divine;
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
God in earth's garden—and not to fear!

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

Thou hast watched beside the bed of death,
Oh fearless human love!
Thy lip received the last faint breath,
Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
In a low and farewell tone,
Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear—
—Oh love! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot
Where thou wert wont to rove,
For there the friend of thy soul is not,
Nor the joy of thy youth, oh love!

Thou wilt meet but mournful memory there,
Her dreams in the grove she weaves,
With echoes filling the summer air,
With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,
From those dim haunted bowers,
And shut thine ear to the wild sweet strain
That tells of vanished hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart
The image of the dead,
For the tie is rent that gave thee part
In the gladness it's beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more
That thus can life out-last,
All between parted souls is o'er;—
—Love! love! forget the past!

"Voice of vain boding! away, be still!
Strive not against the faith
That yet my bosom with light can fill,
Unquench'd, and undimm'd by death:

"From the pictured smile I will not turn,
Though sadly now it shine;
Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn
For the step once linked with mine:

"Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,
Though its notes the pang renew,
—Such memories deep in my heart I hold,
To keep it pure and true.

"By the holy instinct of my heart,
By the hope that bears me on,
I have still my own undying part
In the deep affection gone.

"By the presence that about me seems
Through night and day to dwell,
Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams!
—I have breathed no *last* farewell!"

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

Suggested by a picture, in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

SHE sleeps!—but not the free and sunny sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies:
Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,
Yet, ere it sunk upon her shadowed eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept
Her soul's meek stillness:—she had prayed and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—
That unto her bequeathed a mournful home,
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled;
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours;
These things are past;—a spiritual gleam,
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years
In those pure aspects may no more be read,
Thence, too, hath sorrow melted,—and the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed,
Are all effaced; there earth hath left no sign
Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But oh! more soft, more tender, breathing more
A thought of pity, than in vanished days:
While, hovering silently and brightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze
With their immortal eyes, that seem to say,
"Yet, sister, yet we love thee, come away!"

'Twill fade, the radiant dream! and will she not
Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,
Her task more sad, when those bright shadows part?
And the green summer after them look dim,
And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn?

But let her hope be strong, and let the dead
Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still,
Be their names uttered, be their memory spread
Yet round the place they never more may fill!
All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB,

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY.

Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighting, slighted thing;
There, in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

MRS. TIGHE'S POEM ON THE LILY.

I stood where the lip of song lay low,
Where the dust had gathered on beauty' brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
Of deep affections that inly wrought,
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear—
—They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!
Thou that dost bear on thy fairy wings,
No burden of mortal sufferings!

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom,
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that severed *thy* life and *mine*.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious things,
Of love and grief, its unfathomed springs.
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question eternity!

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the sunlight!—thou winged and free!
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, tho' born to roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for home,
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of hope deferred:

In thy brief being, no strife of mind,
No boundless passion is deeply shrined;
While I—as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of my soul seemed infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me slept,
Flowed not her song from a heart that wept?
—O love and song, tho' of heaven your powers,
Dark is your fate in this world of ours!

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,
Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou, that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where genius lies!

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO.

As translated from the German of Schiller, by Colonel D'Aguilar, and performed at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, December, 1832.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO.

Too long apart, a bright but severed band,
The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's fair land,
Majestic strains, but not for us, had sung,—
Moulding to melody a stranger tongue.
Brave hearts leaped proudly to their words of power,
As a true sword bounds forth in battle's hour;
Fair eyes rained homage o'er the impassioned lays,
In loving tears, more eloquent than praise;
While we, far distant, knew not, dreamed not aught
Of the high marvels by that magic wrought.

But let the barriers of the sea give way,
When mind sweeps onward with a conquerer's sway!
And let the Rhine divide high souls no more
From mingling on its old heroic shore,
Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds through many an age,
Have made the Poet's own free heritage!

To us, though faintly, may a wandering tone
Of the far minstrelsy at last be known;
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the burning tear,
Have sprung to greet, must not be strangers here.
And if by one, more used, on march and heath,
To the shrill bugle, than the muse's breath,
With a warm heart the offering hath been brought,
And in a trusting loyalty of thought,—
So let it be received!—a Soldier's hand
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous land
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this fair clime,
Since Tara heard the harp of ancient time,

Hath song held empire; then if not with *Fame*,
Let the green isle with kindness bless his aim,
The joy, the power, of kindred song to spread,
Where once that harp "the soul of music shed!"

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott, at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigour of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD.

Home of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest;
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moor and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And braes with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth,
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;

While its deep master-tones hold sway,
As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest.

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood still
May thy free sward be prest!
—While one proud pulse in the land can thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"Oh! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust:
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blisaful years:
——And thus they met.

"HASTE, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"
—They speed, they press—what hath the miner found?
Relic or treasure, giant sword of old?
Gems bedded deep, rich veins of burning gold?
—Not so—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
In silence gathering round the silent stand,

Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
Before the thing that, in the might of death,
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth with hair
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay
Had touched those pale bright features—yet he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
As if through many tears, through vigils long,
Through weary strainings:—all had been for him!
Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
Had long since ebb'd—a meeting sad and strange!
—Oh! are not meetings in this world of change
Sadder than partings oft? She stood there, still,
And mute, and gazing, all her soul to fill

With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
'Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture's grace,
By torchlight and by death:—until at last
From her deep heart the spirit of the past
Gushed in low broken tones:—"And there thou art!
And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
As for a few brief hours!—My friend, my friend!
First-love, and only one! Is this the end
Of hope deferred, youth blighted? Yet thy brow
Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,
And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,
Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!
Better to see thee thus! For thou didst go,
Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
How have I called thee! With the morning light

How have I watched for thee!—wept, wandered, prayed,
Met the fierce mountain tempest, undismayed,
In search of thee! Bound my worn life to one,
One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'Tis gone.
Take thy betrothed!"—And on his breast she fell—
—Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,
Joining in death whom life had parted long!
—They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed—
No friend, no kinsman, there a tear to shed!
His name had ceased—*her* heart outlived each tie,
Once more to look on that dead face—and die!

THE VICTOR.

" De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rien qui t'aime ?"

LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death!
Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell midst the flowers,
—Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the fearless, the crowned, the free,
The strength of the battle is given to thee,
The spirit from above!

Thou hast looked on Death, and smiled!
Thou hast borne up the reed-like and fragile form,
Thro' the waves of the fight, thro' the rush of the storm,
On field, and flood, and wild!

No!—*Thou* art the victor, Death!
Thou comest, and where is that which spoke,
From the depths of the eye, when the spirit woke?
—Gone with the fleeting breath!

Thou comest—and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves—yet answers the burning thought
Of the spirit lone and reft?

Silence is where thou art!
Silently there must kindred meet,
No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet,
No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a Tyrant's reign
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still:
But the fiery thought, and the lofty will,
Are not for him to chain!

They shall soar his might above!
And thus with the root whence affection springs,
Tho' buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love!

THE END.

Denbigh, March 4th, 1824.

RUTHIN WELSH LITERARY SOCIETY.

[From the Chronicle [illegible] and corrected.]

The committee avail themselves of this opportunity to present their warmest acknowledgments to Mrs. Hemans, for the compliment that her muse has offered to this society, and they cannot forego the gratification of embodying in this report the following beautiful stanzas addressed to them by her:

THE HARP OF WALES.

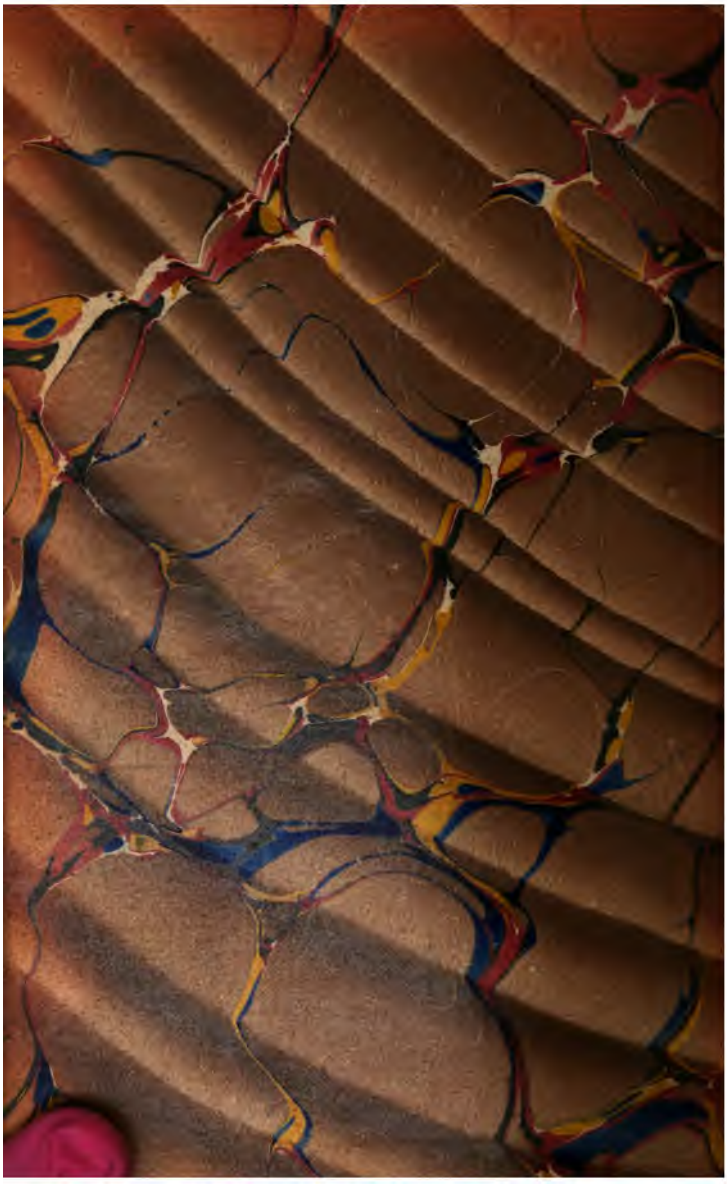
Inscribed to the Ruthin Welsh Literary Society.

HARP of the Mountain-land! sound forth again,
As when the foaming Hirlas Horn was crown'd,
And warrior-hearts beat proudly to thy strain,
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round:
Wake with the spirit and the pow'r of yore!
Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease! The Roman came
O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars:
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame;
The Druid-shrines lay prostrate on our shores:
He gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
Ring out, thou Harp! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease! The Saxon pass'd,
His banners floated on Eryri's gales;
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
E'en when his tow'rs rose loftiest o'er the vales!
Thine was the voice that cheer'd the brave and free—
They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and THEE.

Those were dark years! They saw the valiant fall,
The rank weeds gath'ring round the chieftain's board,
The hearth left lonely in the ruin'd hall—
Yet pow'r was thine—a gift in every chord!
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
Thou noble Harp! Thy tones are not to cease!



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